

AMONG US MORTALS

THE LITTLE DINNER IN THE SUBURBS

By W. E. HILL

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Mrs. Maud Trowl, the lion of the occasion. Mrs. Trowl, who provides the artistic spirit of the community, is very literary, having once written a farce in eleven acts and two scenes.



The very much unmarried Miss Dibble, who has played the shy and demure rôle for some forty-odd years without success, has adopted the "good fellow" pose and is going to fascinate the opposite sex or die in the attempt. She has nearly shocked the life out of proper young Percy Blish by asking if he has heard the one about the bride and groom on the Fall River boat.

After dinner. The sudden hush in the conversation about the servant problem or the scandal next door, as the case may be, when Gertrude, the maid, enters the room. The guilty look which comes over everybody is a dead giveaway, however.



Lady off in a corner, away from any chance breezes, having a terrible time lighting a cigarette.



"Ssh! Ssh!" Mr. Wiggins, the music-loving host, is bound no one will get away without listening to the record from "Forza del Destino."



The worst part of prohibition is that you never can tell how a cocktail is going to hit you, not being used to them these days. Joe, who used to be a "tank," is making funny noises and gestures at old Mrs. Cribbin across the dinner table.

"Now I want you to promise to tell me if you think the sleeves are in wrong!" Going upstairs after dinner to view the hostess's new dress.



"Why, Etta, I'm so glad to see you!" and Mrs. Jones, Etta's mistress, who is listening, decides that there is something very suspicious about Mrs. Timmons's cordiality to Etta, at least in these times of servantless households.



"Oh, go on, finish it! You won't shock us—do go on, please!" Sad plight of Mr. Beedie, who has forgotten the point to his after-dinner anecdote and is floundering around, hopelessly. The ladies think Mr. Beedie has decided the story is a bit too risqué, and are naturally wild to hear the end.